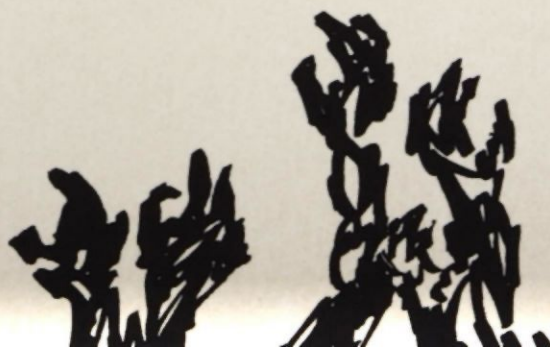
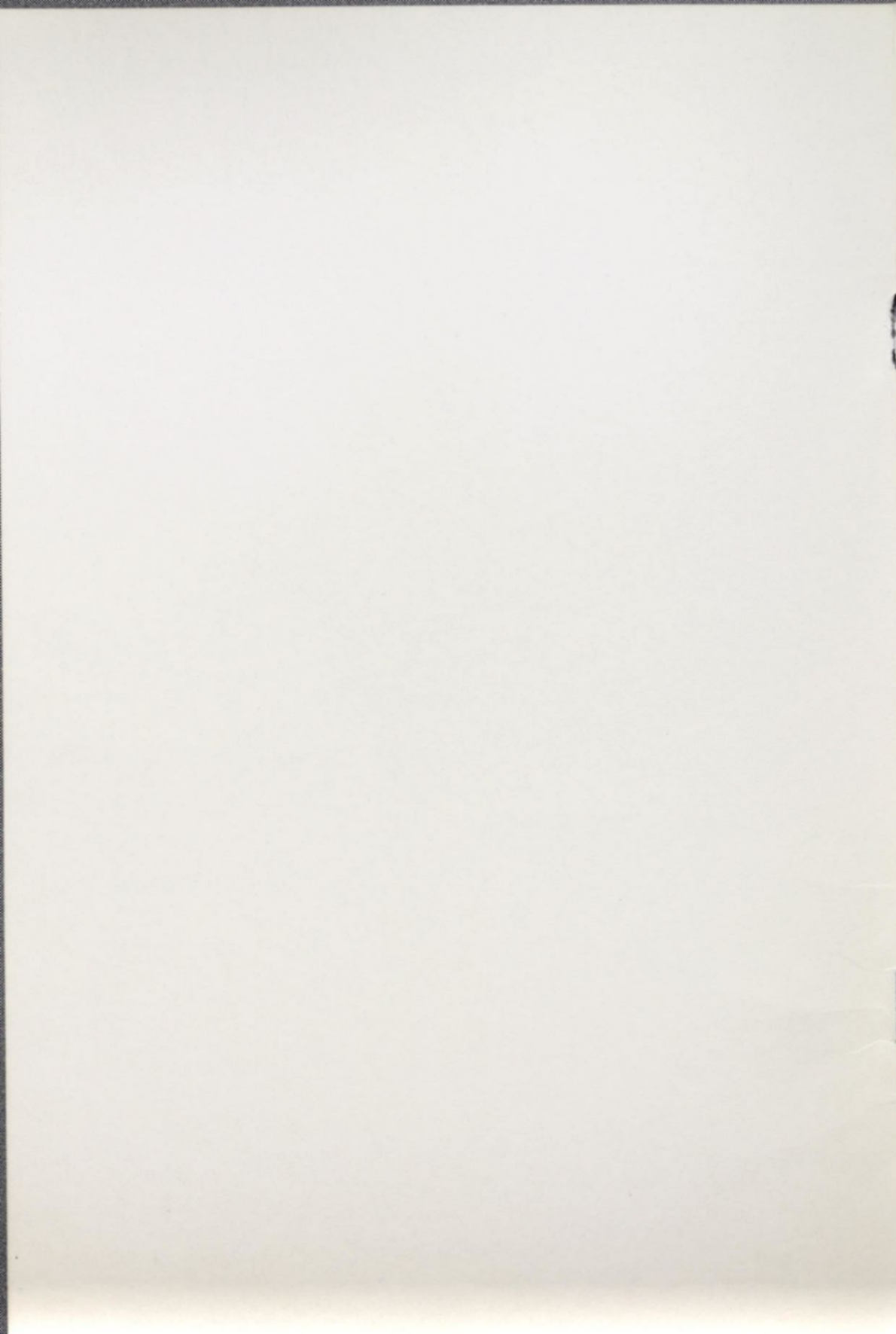




PROMETHEUS





Prometheus



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*But leave the wise to wrangle
And with me
The quarrels of the Universe let be,
And in some corner of the
hub-bud coucht
Make game of that which makes
As much of thee.*

Omar

Herein students express themselves in the always groping reaching-out that we sometimes call creative. We call the magazine Prometheus — bringer of fire. That fire may be no more than confusion, no less than sooty footsteps on whiteness.

This magazine is intended to compliment *Undercurrent*, our weekly newspaper, and *Proteus*, our graphic yearbook. We seek contributions of articles, poetry, short stories, plays, any manifestation of *your* ideas, *your* perception, *your* expression.

Mike Hench, Advisor



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Bad Day	<i>Anonymous</i>	5
The Portrait	<i>William Oliver</i>	6
Haiku	<i>Brian Marsh</i>	7
Constitutional Rights	<i>Allen Parda</i>	8
The Bow and Lyre	<i>Marcia F. Quintner</i>	10
Thanksgiving Among Strangers	<i>Paul Allen</i>	11
A Fable With A Happy Ending	<i>Richard Jeffery</i>	12
Ode to Cough Medicine	<i>Marc Falbo</i>	13
The Solution	<i>Kenneth Brady</i>	14
The Chorus	<i>Peter Haughton</i>	15
Yes	<i>Eva St. Clair</i>	16
Once Upon A Mind	<i>Peter Haughton</i>	17
Sphere of Faith — Sanctuary of Life	<i>Eva St. Clair</i>	19
Season of Snow	<i>Dick</i>	21
The Hard Machine	<i>Alan Clough</i>	22
A New Style For Courtney	<i>Paul Allen</i>	24
A Letter To Sis	<i>George Graves</i>	26
Haiku	<i>Brian Marsh</i>	27
A Man For All Seasons (Especially Fall)	<i>Peter Novak</i>	28
The Ledge	<i>Steve Robertson</i>	30
O	<i>Paul Allen</i>	31
The Crab Who Asked Why	<i>Marc Falbo</i>	32
Cloud-Cuckoo-Land Blues	<i>Paul Allen</i>	34
A Winter's Ride	<i>Jerry Sears</i>	36
Morning Hours	<i>Patricia Burke</i>	38
Sweet Nothing	<i>Peter Haughton</i>	39
A Nursery Story For My Children	<i>Paul Allen</i>	40
Haiku	<i>Brian Marsh</i>	41

All art-work Courtesy of the Art Department



Bad Day

A steady, dreary drizzle fell mournfully from an endless grey roof that blotted out the life-giving sun. The fallen leaves that had once scattered noisily at the mercy of the autumn wind now lay damp and dead like bodies on a battlefield. In a shadowy bedroom a boy surveyed this scene with misty eyes and clouded brain.

Only two months ago he had proudly watched his older brother board a train filled with soldiers beginning the long journey to Vietnam. His brother had promised to send him a souvenir from this far off, unfamiliar place on the other side of the globe.

And so he waited impatiently for a package from his brother, fighting in the raining jungle against other men whom his country had declared its enemy. Yesterday the long awaited package had come, but the boy wished that it hadn't. It was a small square box containing a bloody set of dog tags inscribed with his brother's name.

He did not cry, for the touch of the small metal tags had numbed his whole body, and his eyes stared dryly into space without seeing.

The approaching night lengthened the shadows in the room, blotting every sign of life; yet the boy still sat staring at the hostile world through the mask of drizzle clouding up his windowpane.

For him this would be a thankless day.

The nights of the rains came quickly this year. As the winds spread the leaves from my feet, I grew cold and my soul hungered for peace.

Anonymous

The Portrait

I suppose that somewhere, deep down inside me, there was anger bubbling away. But I didn't notice it. I was too tired to notice much of anything.

Besides, I was too busy feeling privileged that this very busy man would give up his Sunday evening to allow me to do a picture story on him. A story, I might add, that would probably bring him a few million dollars worth of business. At any rate, I was finally going to finish the article I was hired to do. And this would mean a few hundred dollars to me.

As I pulled into the driveway at my studio, I glanced at my watch, and realized it was already nine p.m. In another twenty minutes he would be here. I would have to hurry or I might keep him waiting. God forbid! He had only kept me waiting for over three weeks.

As I dragged my week-end weary body up the stairs I thought about the props I would use for the shots. However, I found that the ones I had selected a couple of weeks ago seemed all wrong. They just did not fit the mood of the man, and they certainly did not fit my mood.

Re-arranging the props was not much of a problem and I finished just at the appointed time. I sat down to wait. The minutes passed; nine-thirty, nine-forty, nine-forty-five, ten o'clock. I think I'll just rest my eyes for a second or two. Oh God how tired I am. I wish he would get here.

The sound of the doorbell ringing over and over again woke me. Bounding towards the door I looked at my watch and noticed it was ten-thirty. He was one hour and ten minutes late; not bad for him. Before I had even finished opening the door I was greeted with "What kept you?" Not "Sorry I'm late" or "I hope you haven't been waiting long," but "What kept you?" After uttering some absurd apology, I ushered him in and offered him a drink. His refusal seemed to me to be a rejection of my hospitality, and did not help improve our relationship.

As we moved toward the studio where all but one of the shots would be taken, I explained the image I was trying to create. However, I did all this unconsciously, while at the

same time I lost myself in the man's ugliness. He was about five feet four, very fat, and almost completely bald. He had hard, cruel eyes, and his face was a mass of wrinkles, but the worst part of him was the big, brown wart he had on the very tip of his nose. And that wart with it's three, long, black hairs, always seemed to be looking directly into you. Not *at* you, but *into* you.

As I started shooting the pictures with my 4X5 view camera, I thought about that final picture, the climax of the session, and I became more excited. The more excited I got the closer I looked at that ugly mole, that damn ugly mole. The more I looked at the mole the more I thought about that last picture. And so it went until I thought I would burst with excitement.

Finally the time came. I told him I had planned a few special pictures to be taken in another room in the studio, with my big 8X10 portrait camera. As I seated him in the solid metal office chair I explained that all the wires that blanketed the floor around the legs of the chair were needed to operate the many flood lights I had scattered around the room, but he need not worry because the desk would hide them. The excitement within me at this point is beyond description, and I was torn between two conflicting desires. One begging me to hurry up and take the picture, the other pleading with me to prolong the beauty of the moment. I could wait no longer. Quickly I slid under the black cloth at the back of the camera, focussed on that God-damn mole, picked up the special cable release that I designed and built myself, and took the "picture."

William Oliver



Haiku

*White snow, soft and damp,
Drifting slowly one cold evening;
A falling star.*

Brian Marsh

Constitutional Rights? ? ?

Every citizen of the United States is granted certain rights by the Constitution of the United States. When you are arrested you have the right to counsel and the right to plead the Fifth Amendment. Take the case of Danny Escobedo, who was arrested for the murder of his wife. He was convicted of the crime, but he appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States saying his rights were not granted him. The Supreme Court reviewed the case and found that he was not given a lawyer while being interrogated, and that the newspapers throughout the country had already proclaimed him guilty. The court voted and Escobedo was freed on a 5-4 vote. So this shows if you wait long enough the hand that convicts you might wind up freeing you at the same time.

Ever since the Supreme Court rulings concerning the protection of a defendant's constitutional rights at the time of his arrest, the motion picture industry has been in a tizzy. Almost every gangster movie of the past 40 years is now outdated and will have to be remade with the rights of the defendant in mind.

This is probably what the remake of Al "Scarface" Capone would look like: Scarface has been betrayed by his jealous girlfriend, and the cops have his house surrounded. The chief of police or Elliot Ness (whichever you prefer) says over his megaphone, "Now hear this, Scarface. Your house is surrounded by Feds and you don't have a chance. Come out with your hands up."

"Drop dead, Fed," Scarface shouts from the window, firing a shot at the same time.

"I must warn you, Scarface," the cop says, "That anything you say will be held against you."

Scarface lets go with a burst of a tommy gun. "I don't intend to be taken alive, you dirty rats."

The Fed ducks behind his Corvette; sitting, he says, "Scarface, I have to advise you that you may either have a choice of your own lawyer or we will provide you with a public defender, and you don't have to say anything to us when you come out of your house with your hands up if you don't want to."

"I've got lots to say," Scarface yells from the window, as he lets go with another burst of a tommy gun.

"If you're going to talk to us, Scarface, you'll have to sign a waiver that no one made you say anything against your will."

"I'm signing nothing, cop, I know my rights. Like the case of Gonzalez vs. the State of Texas, no one can lay a finger on me until I'm brought before a judge and given a steak dinner and a massage."

"Now listen carefully, Scarface," the cop says. "We know you've killed 50 Feds and robbed all twelve Federal Reserve Banks, but constitutionally you have nothing to be afraid of. Even if we can prove our case, you can always appeal on the grounds that because of the gun fight you received bad publicity in the newspapers, and could not get a fair trial."

Scarface fires another burst from his tommy gun. "That's what you say now. I haven't forgotten what happened in the case of Glutz vs. the People of Peoria, Illinois, when the cops tricked Glutz into a confession by giving him two tickets to the Red Sox World Series baseball game."

"The Third Circuit Court threw out the case, Scarface," the cop shouts over the megaphone. "Didn't you read about the Third Circuit Court of Appeals ruling in Northampton vs. Virginia Woolf?"

"I haven't seen the newspapers lately," Scarface shouts, "I've been holed up in here, and if you want me cop you're going to have to come and get me."

Elliot Ness gives the signal to charge and a wall of lead fills the air. When the smog clears, Scarface is mortally wounded.

His girlfriend rushes over to him and puts his head in her lap. "They got me, Jackie, tell Melvin Belli the cops cheated him out of a good fat fee and a lot of glory," Scarface gasps.

"Don't talk, Al. If the police doctor doesn't fix you up, we can sue him for malpractice."

"Don't you remember the case, Mike Hench vs. The Artist who painted the picture of the nude girl with the outstanding ribs???"

This is just an example of what the law is like after the new Supreme Court rulings.

Allen Parda

The Bow and Lyre

*all is dark
no, not total darkness
a tiny ray of light is amidst complete darkness*

*the darkness seems to be concealing the tiny light,
but look
the light is appearing
no the darkness
no the light
will there ever be total light
will there ever be total dark
look
the light is reappearing,
no the dark
light dark light dark light dark.*

*behind the darkness are boisterous voices
loud penetrating voices
now soft voices
now loud voices
the loud seems to be overtaking the soft
the soft overtaking the loud
will either win above the other
loud soft loud soft loud.*

*all is combined,
sight
sound
light dark
loud soft
each trying to win over the other
will there ever be quiet tranquility serenity
possibly
but then again
the viscious cycle starts again
light dark light dark light.
soft loud soft loud soft loud.
light dark soft loud light soft loud dark light dark soft loud*

Marcia F. Quintner

Thanksgiving Among Strangers

*It was a Thanksgiving among strangers;
shall it be a Christmas too?*

*I see better than I say.
I sing better than I say.
Better than I say,
I do,
I say.*

*My body glanced another
the soft depressions
pressed as a clover in a book
between bodies
filled a gentle silence
as serious as we would let it be.*

*Yes the Yes.
Yes the Yes.
Yes the Yes.*

*Condemned to a personality
and a life of live
rather than write
or beautiful words
for sick sentences.
Look at this!*

*Yes the Yes.
Yes the Yes.
Yes the Yes.*

*The river
the brook
the trees
sing your song to me.
Yes the Yes
and bend to no one
without me.*

*It was a thanksgiving among strangers;
shall it be too?*

Paul Allen

A Fable With A Happy Ending

Once upon a time, there were two tribes named the GOODGUYS and the BADGUYS, who lived in a beautiful green valley where wildflowers grew. They both loved the beautiful green valley and the wildflowers very much. It was a common bond.

But the GOODGUYS had a system called WONDERFULISM, which each said he would be happy to die for, and the BADGUYS had a system called AWFULISM, which each said he would be happy to die for. So they hated each other's systems.

Moreover, each GOODGUY said he would be happy to die to save the BADGUYS from AWFULISM, and each BADGUY said he would be happy to die to save the GOODGUYS from WONDERFULISM. Whenever the GOODGUYS and BADGUYS met, they naturally threw rocks at each other to save each other from each other's system. Occasionally, someone would get hit by a rock, but rock-throwing relieved everyone's frustrations, and was not so bad.

Then one day, the Wizards invented a new animal which they called the PSFYNEXT, which only the Wizards could understand. It was awesome. It was so awesome that everybody stopped talking about how happy they would be to die, and each side even stopped throwing rocks at the other side for fear the other side would unleash its dread PSFYNEXT.

So the valley lay in peace. No rock throwers trampled on the wildflowers, and they bloomed more profusely than ever. Everybody said how delightful peace was, and how much they loved the wildflowers.

But the Wizards naturally wished to test their PSFYNEXTs to see how awesome they were in order to insure peace. Then they wanted to see if they could invent even more awesome PSFYNEXTs to insure peace even more. All the Wizards conceded the PSFYNEXTs would poison the air in the valley, but most Wizards said they would poison the air only a little bit, and everybody agreed peace was worth it.

After many years, both the GOODGUYS and the BADGUYS got used to having the PSFYNEXTs around. Pretty

soon, they began saying that being killed by a PSFYNEXT was no worse than being killed by a rock. This made everybody feel better and they began saying, once again, that they would be happy to die for WONDERFULISM (or AWFULISM, as the case might be) and that they would be happier dead than AWFUL (or WONDERFUL) and the PSFYNEXT thus became the symbol of happiness and security.

So to be happy and secure, the GOODGUYS and the BADGUYS both naturally raised more PSFYNEXTs and bigger PSFYNEXTs. Eventually, of course, the PSFYNEXTs ate everybody up, they ate up the GOODGUYS and they ate up the BADGUYS.

But actually this was a happy ending, because, the GOODGUYS happily saved everybody from AWFULISM, and the BADGUYS happily saved everybody from WONDERFULISM, so everybody died happy. Except maybe the wildflowers!

Moral: People don't love wildflowers as much as they say they do.

Richard Jeffery

Ode To Cough Medicine

*Vile, wretched, wanton Fate
Creates despair when Juicy Fruits sink
Into oblivion and nonentityness.
But hark, we can feel
And Sense
The jubilee of Jujubes,
Even if our bodies are unlike the
Sponginess of Juicy Fruits.*



Marc Falbo

The Solution

Lately it seems, the highlights of each day for me is the reading of the articles in the community's newspaper concerning the teenagers and the problems they have aroused. Imagine how dull Sunday is for me. I firmly agree that they (the "Hippies") have pricked into the structural body of the 'System'. They are a thorn, a menace to society and should be done away with like weeds in a garden. It doesn't matter that it's the 'System' that doesn't accept the 'Hippies' and not vice versa. The fact still remains that because the 'Hippies' don't believe in the same ideas, ideals, morals, or ways of the 'System', then they should be destroyed because we just can't allow such a belief to happen. Who ever heard of, "Freedom of Mind?"

I have been studying different problems that correlate to this particular problem, and after studying the solutions in the other areas, I have come up with the only solution that will defeat the disaster that is happening here in Greenfield.

The basic problem on the streets and in public is the physical appearance of these freaks. The 'Hippies' have increased the death toll in Greenfield by fifty percent, due to either shock, heart attack, nervous collapse, and/or fatal car accidents. The reason is simple; the clothes they wear and the way they groom their hair is different than the way of the 'System'. It isn't etiquette. Because the Hippies look different, people stare, they can't cope with it. Well listen to me, you people, you don't have to cope with it! Pass a law stating that no one in this open-minded community can wear their hair more than one quarter of an inch in length. In this same law proclaim that as of now only a uniform, to be issued immediately, is to be worn by the citizens. You could call these new orders the "People's Constitution".

To insure maximum response to these orders, you will have to close down all the barber shops, beauty salons, and stores carrying cosmetics. Your next move would be to ship up three butchers from the kitchens of Fort Dix, New Jersey, and put them in charge of the grooming and styling of everyone's hair. As far as the uniforms go, the Navy's uniform would be adequate. Of course all the clothing stores and department stores would have to be closed down. But don't

worry, all the floor space vacated in these buildings will be used for barracks, so all is not lost.

Now that we've cracked the surface we've got to attack with full force. Don't let up for an instant. Drive! Drive! Drive! Like Napoleon trying to conquer the world. Drive! Attack the things corrupting the teenagers, as one man listed them: radio, television, records, books, literature. Destroy these things! Go through every room in every building and collect all these articles and pack them into the town's library and churches and then blow these buildings up. Close down all the stores that sell these pieces of manufactured trash. With nothing to listen to, watch, read, or worship freely, none will be corrupted in the future. Those sheep who have strayed can be led back to the flock.

Kenneth Brady



The Chorus

*A chorus was the mind that moved my feet
And then it stopped its singing.
I stood still.
I waited for the voices to come sharply to my ear
And the echo stopped its ringing.
I stood still.
And I waited for the voices for an hour
And it passed and still I waited.
Standing still
For an hour and a day and for a week
I waited for the chorus.
It was silent.
Then I moved my feet without the chorus
And I found that they still worked.
I began to walk.
Then an ugly toneless chorus stopped my feet
And its sounds were not clear.
I stood still.*

Peter Haughton

Yes

*I love him.
Love I myself in him?
Myself?
Narcisus? No.
Not the intricate cell being. Body.
No.
Thread of starlight between two.
Most delicate.
Strongest.
My soul loves his soul.
Sameness?
No.
Closeness. Unity in the Whole.
Movement in our particles of being and love.
Closer. Stronger.
Cloud of God-mist dew mingling over a flower.
Formation of a Droplet.
Creation.
Sky reflections on the Golden Face.
Upturned.
Universe.
Love.
Yes.*

Eva St. Clair



Once Upon A Mind

*Once,
When all was good,
And absurdity existed
Only in good,
In this blindness.*

*Once,
When all was joyful,
And sorrow existed
Only in joy, and
Joy was sorrow,
in this.*

*Once,
When once occurred,
And life existed
Only in death, and
Death was life,
in . . . once.*

*Once was all
That existed, and
I did not.
For once was
a facade.*

*Twice,
I was born,
And in birth found,
A life
Death
Life*

*Twice, I realized
That once existed, and
I forgot that
I did not,
I laughed.*

Peter Haughton



Sphere of Faith — Sanctuary of Life

*This Christmas morning I feel clean cut
like a flower,
dew-filled,
whose firm stem has been neatly incised with a scissor.
But not dead,
Free, maybe.*

*Every day begins with a rootless death
And a new birth into freedom — into life.
Into rootless Life.
This birth seems different,
a special birth.
No longing or need after joy,
No fear of sadness and pain.
An expectancy with no expectations.*

*London and Christmas are two inconsistencies:
One, an old slow death;
The other, a fresh scent of new life.
What will my gift be?
This time I am aware
and I await the birth of a new perfection.*

*London is
Rarely mediterranean bright and sunny,
Often gray and misty —
Fog life seen as pale light through a dark prism.
Today London is different —
Gray-green with a sun haze.*

*My gift to God on Christmas is gladness.
His gift to me is hidden in the gray-green sun haze.
The singing of the spheres
in my inner ear
directs my course down the Strand
past the house of Goldsmith
past the house of Johnson
toward the house of the Crusaders.
A chapel of stone with crenellated turrets —
Birthplace, Deathplace
Death of faith place.*

*What faith?
I know better than sarcasm.
No suppressed embarrassed giggle
between myself and nothingness.
Instead, a faith-cry between myself and knowledge
known and unknown.*

*Gray-green epitomizes itself in this chapel heart of London.
Sculptured tombs outside,
Rough hewn stone crusader,
legs crossed, forearm over heart,
Quite dead — inside.
Perhaps it is time for his rebirth, too.
To rise out of mold into the white rays of sun
where mold cannot exist.
He could, if he desired,
and end his stork-legged ambivalency.*

*Inside, old velour darkness holds me close,
hushes me with tranquility.
I touch the old stone faces of once living,
once important figures,
now lining the back of the chapel in darkness.
Air holes and inconsistencies of surface —
Lines of time and darkness,
A smell of musty listlessness.*

*A flash of light,
Time passes in lowered sun-drops.
Expectation — of what?
The tiny creche at the front of the chapel to come alive?
I don't expect a director,
Only a direction.*

*Someone brushes aside the twilight
and enters the chapel.
A thread of purple light rolls into a ball between us.
Not an ageless sage to give me Ultimate Knowledge.
No, a man.
A non-expectancy.
No transcendence beyond stars,
Free union in gray-green-purple.*

Eva St. Clair

Season of Snow

*Each morning I awaken in this sterile hole,
This God-forsaken miniature world,
To which I came months ago.
In the season of snow,
This is my doom,
This man-made womb,
This tomb,
Where immortal instructor godlings loom,
In consummate splendor,
Awaiting my surrender . . .
Never!*

Dick



The Hard Machine

Like little snakes, the heat waves rise off the buildings. The air is heavy with a cloud of heat. The silence is punctured with the shrill chirp of crickets and the buzz of an occasional bee looking for a dried up flower from which to extract a little pollen. The hills in the distance are covered with a thick blue haze that seems to isolate the valley from the rest of the world.

Twisting through the hills is the road, a bumpy stretch of curved rib cage, leading to the railroad yard. The yard is reached by crossing over a faded black bridge, rusty and shaky with age. The first view of the yard is one of rusty brown rails that stretch off into the distance, to disappear in a wavy curtain of heat. Through the middle of this sea of brown lines pass the four silvery, mirror smooth rails of the mainline, the yard's only connection with the outside world.

Next to the road, on a weed encrusted siding, a string of old box-cars sits rotting in the sun. Heat waves rise from the gray weather-beaten wood, and the cracking of expanding metal fills the air. Weeds surround the car like a wheat field, and the wind rustles them against the decayed sides of the car. Pieces of the car's siding hang loosely and bang against the car whenever the wind blows. There is an occasional piece of glass, held in place by a window frame that still shows a red tinge of the last coat of paint applied thirty years before, when the car was in its glory.

Further on, a small switcher, sitting under the rusty, stark skeleton of a long unused coal tower, rumbles to itself, and occasionally it emits a large puff of blue exhaust smoke. The over-powering smell of oil fills the air.

At the end of the road is the main shop area. Here, in various buildings, the maintenance of the equipment is performed. Streaks of rust run down the sides of the buildings. Water from unknown leaks dribbles out of holes in the walls, and runs down pipes and wires hanging unused from the sides of the buildings, making bigger rust stains. Cracks run through the foundation, making patterns in the chipped and faded paint. The window frames have been given a new coat of blood red paint, a stark contrast to the dirt-caked and crumbling bricks.

The shop area is where most of the activity takes place. The maintenance crew, old men with leathery faces and tobacco stains at the corners of their mouths, who swear with every other word, sweats over three stalls of ancient and not so ancient locomotives. The smell of the men combines with the smell of years of grease to form a choking perfume that lingers, even after one has left the shop area.

Over the inspection pit, a damp, dirty hole in the floor of the enginehouse, sits a small diesel engine, a veteran of World War II. Its hood has been removed, exposing its innards, like a patient in surgery. A small engine, no match for today's big brutes, and a generator, burned black from hard usage, sit on the sagging underframe of the locomotive. Overhead, barely visible through a thick cloud of trapped exhaust smoke, is the machine responsible for the operation, a crane built in 1898 by Pressed Steel Corp. The lights twinkle dimly through the blue haze casting a pale glow over the silent form of the tired locomotive.

On an adjacent track, another unit is in for minor repairs. The hiss of escaping air from a leaking compressor competes loudly with the crackle of the welder's torch as he tries to fix the leak. The smell of ozone fills the air. The whole engine is covered with years of dirt accumulation. Under a cracked and filthy piece of glass is the number 6000, the engine's only claim to an identity.

Outside the enginehouse, a freshly repainted engine sits, waiting a call, perhaps to switch some cars, or perhaps to escape its trap by moving some cars to various local industries. Inside its bedroom size cab, the engineer, small in size, but with a dictator's power over the unit, is reading yesterday's paper.

Suddenly, there is a loud rumble, and the earth trembles under the throbbing power of five diesel units as they pound up grade with 130 cars in tow. The dirt and cinders rise up and swirl around in the vacuum created by the speeding train, and then settle slowly to the ground. The signal turns red as the train heads out of the yard without slowing down. The trembling fades and dies.

Alan Clough

*Into the quadrangle of quietude
amidst the depression of words
of late patriarchs*

*I reached out
sucking the silence off your tongue
consigning language to
those not yet yearning entrance*



for Courtney



you gently insinuate yourself

between our inspirations our realizations

to slip our bodies into one . . . and

*finding you in a semblance of silence,
while I,
pondered*

answering yes and to once more guide us

into the quadrangle of quietude.

Paul Allen

A Letter To Sis

Dear Sis,

Many things have changed since I last wrote. In a battle four days ago our unit was separated from our main force, and now we are operating out of a cave somewhere in the Mekong Delta. Our radio is broken so we cannot call for help, but we hope to make it back to safety as soon as possible. Safety—that's a laugh. No place is safe here. Each day is spent wondering if the enemy is over the next ridge or hiding in the forest across the next field. Each night is spent worrying about whether or not a mortar will come screaming in and suddenly end my life.

Two days ago thirty of us were picked to scout the area. We wanted to see how safe our position was and plan a route back to our division. At daybreak we came upon a small clearing maybe thirty yards across. It was surrounded by thick foliage which afforded us excellent concealment. In the center of the clearing were two tents and a few soldiers milling about. Evidently they had just awakened and weren't aware of our presence. Our ever—logical Lieutenant reminded us that there would be trouble in our march back to safety, and we were certainly in no position to take prisoners. His orders were clear—they must all die.

Up to this point the war for me had consisted mostly of drudgery — marching, setting up camp, tearing down camp, routine patrols. But this was different. I would have to try to kill somebody. We spread out around the clearing. My body moved by itself. There were no thoughts in my mind. Even now I seem to have trouble remembering what happened then, but still I can't get it out of my mind.

The Lieutenant threw a grenade at their radio—that was the signal to begin firing. The noise was deafening. I aimed my automatic rifle in the general direction of the clearing and pulled the trigger. It was all over in about thirty seconds. We went in afterwards, like vultures, to pick over the remains of what was left. They were all dead. One man was still in his cot asleep when a grenade had set his tent on fire and torn his leg off. He was the luckiest one—he never knew what happened. They all looked alike to me—but I couldn't help but

wonder which ones I had killed. The sight of it all made me sick.

Capture is a constant worry. We hear that humiliation and torture are to be expected. How can they be so unfeeling? Have they no conscience? Can't they see that their cause is wrong? But still they keep on fighting — so we too must continue to fight until this terrible war is finished and we have won (and I am sure that in the long run we will.)

Don't believe everything you read about the war in the papers back home Sis. They paint such a rosy picture about our numerous victories and how many of the enemy we have killed. Victory has only a relative meaning when you see your friends lying wounded and dying around you, and you wonder what it will all really lead to.

Oh, Sis, I wish this terrible war were over now, and I could return home to you and Mom and Dad. I wish I could live in peace and only worry about helping Dad run the farm. Maybe someday soon it will all be possible.

You are probably wondering why I'm writing this letter to you instead of to the whole family. I can't put it off any longer so I must tell you now.

When and if I ever come home, our brother will not be coming with me. He was killed yesterday by machine-gun fire. I didn't know how to break the news to Mom and Dad. I wish I never had to write this letter.

I must end this letter now and get my gear ready. We move out in fifteen minutes. Our scouts have spotted the Americans in a valley only a few miles away and moving in our direction.

Your loving brother,

George Graves

Haiku

*Dawn, somber and still,
Creeps slowly and fearfully
Twilight, a red sky.*

Brian Marsh

A Man For All Seasons (Especially Fall)

A country such as the United States needs someone who will not give up when the entire future of the nation rests in his hands, when the chips are down, or when his whole political party is against his views and actions. For this job, we need a man like Richard Nixon.

Nixon started his political career during his school days, despite the fact that he was a loner. One of Nixon's high school teachers commented that Dickie liked to debate, or argue, about anything. No matter what was discussed, little Dickie would take the other side just for the sake of argument. This is how many great debaters started off.

In the mid 40's, Nixon ran for a seat in Congress with some encouragement from his friends. It is surprising that he ran, because up until then, he had little interest in politics — in fact, he didn't vote until he was 25. When asked why he ran, Nixon said that, ". . . if I figure I've got a chance, I'll take it." Nixon won the election, chalked up his first major political victory, and then went on for more. (Moral; The more one has, the more one wants.).

People feel that Nixon has no real talents as a politician. They feel he lacks the inner conviction and self-confidence which are the trademarks of a natural leader. Some feel Nixon is tasteless. They base this on the fact that during Nixon's campaign for senator in 1950, the Nixon forces announced that, for anyone who answered the phone and said "Vote for Nixon!", there would be, "PRIZES GALORE! ! ! Electric clocks, Silex coffeemakers with heating units — General Electric automatic toasters — silver salt and pepper shakers, sugar and creamer sets, candy and butter dishes, etc., etc. WIN WITH NIXON!" Nixon supporters argue that this is surely exaggeration on Nixon's political campaign supported by the Rich Man's Fund.

Nixon has one or two minor undesirable qualities, which is common among normal men. One is modesty. In Nixon's Checkers speech, he said, "My service record was not a particularly unusual one. I went to the South Pacific. I guess I'm entitled to a couple of battle stars. I got a couple of letters of recommendation, but I was just there when the bombs were

falling, and then I returned." In 1956, he was quoted as saying, "We have driven off the Communists, the fellow-travelers, and the security risks out of the government by the thousands." Although Nixon had a noncombatant job far from the battle line, and the Senate Investigating Committee reported that 53% of those fired as security risks had been hired by Republicans (There wasn't a single Communist), facts like these are easily unspoken and unheard by the unknowing public. What the public doesn't know won't hurt it.

Nixon is not easily offended by the political jokes meant to deface him, such as;

Question: How can you tell if Richard Nixon is lying?

Answer: If his lips are moving.

He still continues to work and debate at his prime. An example of his ability with words was shown in a debate he held with Khrushchev. In an effort to restore his country's image as a leader, Nixon said; "There are some instances where you (U.S.S.R.) may be ahead of us; for example, in the thrust of your rockets for the investigation of outer space. There are instances in which we are ahead of you — in color T.V., for instance." What a brilliant recovery and defense of the United States.

The aging (going on 55) Richard Nixon has, up until now, accumulated six dark blemishes against his political career. The more predominant are; unsuccessful candidacy for the Presidency in 1960, unsuccessful candidacy for California Governorship in 1962, and the unsuccessful and covert candidacy for Republican Presidential Nomination in 1964. To this, Mr. Nixon answers with the saying, "Only good guys finish last."

Peter Novak

The Ledge

The firemen were stationing a net beneath the ledge. Upon seeing this the crowd erupted.

"Boo!" "Party poopers!" "Spoil Sports!"

One stately old gentleman yelled up some advice to the man on the ledge. "Don't worry young fella," he said, "just run back and forth on the ledge and them trouble makers will fall out sooner or later."

Five stories above, a plain clothed policeman leaned out a window. "How's it goin' there, ah?" He paused and looked back into the room. "Psst, hey, who is this joker anyway?"

"His name's Amerigo Blinksore."

"Well, hi there Amerigo," the policeman said as he leaned back out the window. "My name's Squarejaw. Yes sir, Sergeant Ulysses S. Squarejaw. You know, Amerigo, you're causin' quite a problem. Would you look at the size of the crowd down there."

Amerigo looked down, being careful not to slip.

"Another few minutes," said Squarejaw, "and we'll have a real good traffic jam on our hands. And if we have too many traffic jams and the bus drivers will go out on strike, and, the city will lose a million bucks. So be a good sport and come on in. And besides, if you jump, someone in the crowd might get hurt. You'd be helping me out too. If I get you to come in they might put me on the detail I originally wanted. But, instead of the vice-squad, they stick me on this lousy job."

"That's too bad," Amerigo said, "but I ain't comin' in."

"Okay," said Squarejaw, "but maybe you could jump and land in the net. That way the crowd goes home happy and you might not even get killed or anything. At the worst a broken neck."

Some shouts came up from the crowd. "Hey fuzz, quit brow beating the poor guy." "Yeah, police brutality, police brutality!" "You better get a lawyer, fella."

Sergeant Squarejaw was called back into the room and a priest appeared at the window. "Now, Sam," said the priest, "I've known you all of your life."

Amerigo interrupted. "Who's Sam?"

"Aren't you Sam Edsil?"

"No. my name's Amerigo Blinksore."

"Oh, damn, er, darn," said the priest, "wrong suicide again. I must have a talk with my answering service. Well, don't let me bother you. I'll be on my way." He went back into the room, grumbling to himself.

Sergeant Squarejaw stuck his head out the window. He was careful not to muss his hair. "Hey, Amerigo, your wife is here."

Upon hearing this Amerigo inched a little further out on the ledge.

A pudgy lady stuck her head out the window. She had some blue streaks through her hair, and it seemed as though she was storing some acorns in her cheeks, like chipmunks do. "Amerigo Blinksore," she said with a raspy voice, "you no good flunky. I always said you were rotten, but this takes the cake. How can you be so selfish? How am I gonna buy that new paisley refrigerator if you go and splatter yourself all over the street? Do you have any idea how much funerals cost these days?"

A scream filled the air . . .

Steven Robertson



*Amidst the scented garden
Where waters softly flow
The flowery fluted bridge
Whispers to its reflection — O.*

*I danced — a fearless fool
The music seemed so slow
For solitude's air I gulped
My mouth a perfect O.*

*Your silence was so sudden —
Water trickling away below —
I kissed your circled silence
Lips, pressed, harmonious O.*

Paul Allen

The Crab Who Asked Why

There once lived, O' Best Beloved, right by the swirling hissing sea and amidst the misty din — a crab. The crab was disliked by all the other crabs because he could walk faster going forward than backward. In fact, he rather disliked going backward and very much liked going forward. He scurried through the slipping, sliding, shifting sands and the waves would sometimes roll over him and drag him into the sea. It was very exciting indeed. Then sometimes the waves would sweep up onto the shore and sink back, sucking the pebbles along. He would listen very, very carefully and try to hear what the pebbles were saying. The noise was loud, and he was frightened. Every now and again the sand and the pebbles would be warm and slither between his spindly legs. The tide was out and his home was good.

All this confused the poor little crab. He didn't understand the sands and the sea and yet this was his own home. He felt he should know his home. He wondered why the sea was exciting, why the sand was warm and the pebbles still, and why if the noise of the pebbles was sometimes loud, it frightened him so. So he decided to ask another crab to see if he knew the reasons.

"Hello, Brother Crab," said our friend.

But the other crab didn't answer for he couldn't hear him. For crabs' voices are very soft and when our friend approached the other crab he did it in his usual manner — frontwards. So the other crab wasn't near enough to hear him. At first this bothered our friend, for he thought that perhaps the other crabs knew, but very soon he decided that they didn't know either.

This made him very very sad. He went by himself and studied the sea and the sand to find out *why*. But the more he looked the sadder he became. He looked and looked and studied and studied. He was very much alone. So alone that he had to go and see other crabs. Not to talk to, for he couldn't. Just to be near them. Yet he kept on studying.

Then one night, when he was walking with the tips of his claws in the white white sand and his head bent staring at

the kernals and peering into every crinkle, he heard a voice call out:

"Mr. Crab, Hello there Mr. Crab. Do you hear me?"

The crab looked all about himself, but he saw no one. Then all of a sudden a light shone from the sand directly beneath him, or so it seemed. He dug and he dug but he couldn't find the source of the light. Then he realized that the light wasn't from the sand at all, but from the pale moon high above. He looked up. The round, round moon was just sitting in the sky. Sitting there as if to say "Here I am, Mr. Crab and all the world. Here I am." Then the crab and moon had a very long talk. The crab had to holler and yell so the moon could hear, but the moon barely whispered.

The next day the crab was very happy. He tingled in the tips of his claws and stretched his head to the sky and bent his back and sang and kissed the sea and hugged the sand. He hollered to everyone and no one in particular:

"Do you know what I learned when I was away last night?"

"I learned to grasp the moon's frail edge."

"I captured the reason for a moment."

"I've learned to laugh without a reason."

"I've learned to grasp the moon's frail edge and not break it between my claws."

"I've learned to live for ever after."

And lo and behold the waves rolled over him and he was excited, the sand was warm and he was calm, and the pebbles roared and he was frightened. The crab learned and lived for ever after.

Marc Falbo





Cloud-Cuckoo-Land Blues

*"In the dream I was told
My princess would wait."
— Donovan Levitch*

*Madness and glory,
they mean nothing here,
on this bed. Cramped,
a bargain-basement of bodies;
appendages dangling
slipping off the sides
toes brushing the rug.
(Just the right amount
of sanity, reality.)
Our wells have swelled,
overflowed. Cascades
are held within our eyes.
The darkness allows nothing
vaguely kinetic.
We are like Archimede's
potential bath,
wanting a crown.
"Oh sage stop your gold!
Do not teach us!
Everything is new and old.
Your complaints will not reach us!"
We will it will.
We will it not.*

*No fanfare blats our ears,
no shrieking glissandos,
just a snuffling cavalcade
nose's its way in
somehow. Matches
blunt the night
and cigarettes expostulate
the ancient flux and tension
of harmonious Heraklietos —
riposte! Riposte! RIPOSTE!*

*(You are relaxed, completely relaxed.
You are a cloud at midnight, dissapating,
with only the stars for an audience.
Relax, relax, relax, relax, relax,
relax, sleep. And when I snap my
fingers . . .)*

— INTRUSION!

*Persecution seeking alms,
selling mischief and damnation.
Persecution haughty,
persecution pleading.
Persecution the peddler,
the beggar for bastardization;
the fan in a foggy, fetid room
where we have willed
that the windows remain shut.*

*We will it will.
We will it not.*

*Is this bungling a beginning?
Can we will all?
Turn out the light
and in the darkness
speak to me no more of Heraklietos.*

Paul Allen

A Winter's Ride

*I rode the other day
To where the hill-road splits
Amid the tall feathery white flock't trees
Arched o'er the road
Where it turns to paths.
Bells jingling in solitude,
As the sleigh-cut drifts
As billowy as foamy tides,
Swathed in diamond dust
Which sealed behind us.*

*'Twas evening
When the barn I saw,
It's a warm beacon
In the sea of cold loneliness.
I drew rein in deep blue shadow
And stopped to think on
The majesty I'd seen that day
Unchanged by men before me;
A blanket of white virgin snow
Spread by the Master's hand.*

*I rode the other day
To where the road becomes a path,
Alone amid the drifts.*

Jerry Sears



Morning Hours

I opened my eyes into darkness. For a moment I couldn't understand why I was awake. Then I heard that soft moan again. My whole body went rigid, every muscle straining to keep from moving. I lay listening and sweating. I was like a child who awakes from a dream of snakes and is afraid to move lest the one at the foot of his bed will know he's awake. Then my body betrayed me. I started to shake. I could feel tears in my eyes and I fought to contain them. The wailing still went on. I had heard and felt this many times before but it never ceased to affect me this way. I knew what that sobbing was and I wished it away — but it never went. I began to quiet, my trembling ceased; I no longer felt like each new moan would wrench my heart out of my body.

The darkness was less heavy now and I became aware of familiar sounds around me. I could hear my sister breathing and feel the warmth from her body next to mine in the bed. Sweet child, I prayed she'd never know. My two younger brothers were snoring in the bed next to ours. I could sense their shivering. Though I couldn't see them I knew they would be hugged together seeking warmth. They never woke up; oh how I envied them! I remember once when Willie cried out in the blackness and I walked barefoot across the stone floor to his bed. I held him in my arms until his sobbing ceased and he was asleep. I cried then too — for the feel of his little body in my arms (Those tiny legs that barely managed to hold him upright.) I hated my father then; I hate him now.

I lay in bed waiting for the dawn. The crying had stopped. Grey light began to filter through the greasy window above my bed. I could begin to see clearly. The worn plaster walls looked ghostly with the dawn on them. The cracks and light were making crazy patterns. I knew that soon my mother would be rising to light a fire in the huge wood stove. A little later she would begin breakfast for me — and my father. I lay waiting. I wanted to go to her but I was afraid. The sobbing might start again and he would hear it. He was bad in the morning.

I got up quietly and dressed, shivering, in my room. I went to the bathroom and washed in icy water. I sat down in the warm kitchen. I didn't speak to her, I couldn't look at her.

When had communication ceased? The first time I heard her sob and didn't go to her.

He came from their bedroom, his face ugly and swollen, his hair matted and greasy. He said nothing, drank his coffee, and left the house. I wanted to say something; I tried, but no words would come. What can you say to a woman who cries in the early morning hours? I got up from the table and without looking at her, got my coat off the door and went to work.

Patricia Burke



Sweet Nothing

*Alone, my only solitude within my mind,
For thin walls separate me from reality.
Alone, all of life is gone and left behind,
And here within the realm of madness, stands tranquility.*

*Forgotten, I am now unreal, just a memory,
For they who are so far away cannot touch or hear me.
Forgotten, and now dusty are all former ecstasies,
For smiles now have melted, and eyes no longer see.*

*I smile, for I know that soon again I will be found,
And then my loneliness will be deceased.
I smile, for I know that soon my mouth will make a sound,
And the echo will be heard, and not released.*

*Alone, I am an image, not a living entity,
And the blackened cold damp shroud will still persist.
Forgotten, is the person who must be heard to be.
Afraid is one who feels he must exist.*

Peter Haughton

A Nursery Story For My Children

*The river was a ribbon
it also was a thread.
A childhood was extinguished
learning of its dread.*

*I ambled down its banks
to find a pretty stone;
secrete it in my pocket
and bring a treasure home.*

*A piddling piece of quartz
beneath a cape of dirt
to hold in one's humid hand
and caress away a hurt.*

*I thought it awfully smudged;
washed it in the soothing stream;
laid back upon the moss;
holding it out forever clean.*

*It giggled with my jackknife
danced between my hands
so often to get smudged again
with streaky dirty bands.*

*The river is a ribbon
it still remains a thread.
I bring the stone back often
and will until I'm dead.*

Paul Allen

Haiku

*Clocks slowly ticking,
Men wait, watching an insane man
Counting grains of sand.*

Brian Marsh







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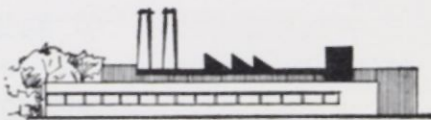
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